

LONG TRIP.

By Boat to Naples—Past Rome Again—Rural Scenes—The Lily of the Arno.

FLORENCE, Feb. 29th, '96

Very gorgeous indeed appeared the Sicilian shores as we sailed comfortably along them enjoying a much-needed rest. Sea and sky were ablaze with the brilliant sun and sparkling air; busy bays were alive with boats, white rocks climbed the nearby land, groves and vineyards stretched beyond, cool breezes danced down from the snow on Etna. We lay back and enjoyed it, attempting occasionally to increase our few words of Italian, by accosting our merry, lively and outlandishly dressed fellow passengers. These were for the most part the common people of the land. They seemed clean, uncommonly clean; their attire was always neat both men and women, albeit antiquated and scanty, when judged by western standards. Some bit of color was always to be seen, a red ribbon, a gay besprangled shawl, a flashing necktie, and rings, brooches, necklaces in plenty. In complexion they seem not quite so swarthy as the Romans, their eyes were dreamy, their voices musical, their movements quick, and they kept up an incessant chatter accompanied by much laughter. They seemed accustomed to the English and their ways, and neither our appearances nor our machines aroused them to much interest and curiosity.

Passing Messina, our craft steered a straight course; passing between and seeming not to mind the classic perils of either Scylla or Charybdis. After some hours Etna faded, and by night we approached Naples, with the fiery cloud of Vesuvius looming vague and terrible away on the horizon. It took three days of wheeling to get us back to Rome, where after renewing our acquaintance with its old wonder, we cast another coin in the Fountain of Trevi, and set forth over the Campagna to the north.

The desolate plain is not ideal wheeling, but before the dome of St. Peter's had faded we were over it and in the valley of the Tiber and by following the winding course of that famed stream, we avoided many troublesome hills. At Terni, another river discharges its tribute of swollen waters into the Tiber and accompanies the gift with much parade and noise, forming three high falls, the greatest being 330 feet in height. At no other place in Italy did we encounter so many and such pestiferous beggars and guides. It seemed that every point whence a view of falls or country could be had, was in charge of a "custodian" to whom visitors are forced to yield up coin of the realm; and besides the roads are literally lined with mendicants in all stages of age and decay. When we could ride, we were protected, but when forced to dismount and push our bicycles, we were the prey of the supplicant crowds that surrounded us. Shaking the head and shouting and threatening gestures availed us nothing. The only negative these beggars will understand is a peculiar shake of the right hand with the finger outstretched. We soon became perfect in that little motion.

By and by we rolled down into the valley of the Clitumnus and proceeded along through Virgil's country over the ancient Via Flaminia, a road of the Romans, paved with broad flagstones that I suppose will survive the present as they have outlived past ages. Smiling fields slept in the sunshine, and singing peasants worked in them, digging, or driving wide-horned, white oxen. Brimming streams crossed the fields in all directions, lined with oak or chestnut trees. Another pause was made at Perugia, to which we climbed as the sun was sinking and a cold mist rising in the valleys below. It has like all Italian towns in the inland, a lofty situation high and dry on the summits of mountains. The natives who laid the foundations of these towns seem to have in mind only protection in war and beautiful views in peace.

Gray walls cling to the sides of the hills about the town, below expand fertile lowlands bounded only in the far distance by verdure clothed mountains. Precipitate, winding, narrow, arched and dark passages take their way up and down, and serve for

streets. Stately architecture surrounds roomy squares and looks out of place amid the sordid wretchedness of the people. We could not help contrasting this and many another Italian town with places of like populousness in free America. Here immortal monuments of art, but modern science is a weakling and the people are the slaves of poverty; there architecture, painting, sculpture are unknown words, but the modern science of life exists for the comfort of each citizen, and each man is his own master in his own house. Here there is physical discomfort but the thrill of expanded joy in the possession and gratification of an artistic sense; there the body is nursed in comfort at least, but the very language of art is uncomprehended. Which is the happier?

Away down the hills by the early morning, we soon passed by the shores of a blue and placid lake and went on over the mountain and through villages where the homes are painted to represent palaces. The roadway sides were starred with dandelions and white daisies, and festooned vines hung from the budding trees. In every town scores of women were washing, either at a sort of fountain or on the banks of brooks. Their heads were bare, likewise their feet, and their short skirts displayed shapely ankles and sturdy legs. The men seemed all to have on white aprons. In the numerous carts we met, the drivers, as a rule lay asleep, while the little donkeys trudged on or grazed by the road at will. A good Italian joke is to shout out "Good-bye" to a speeding wheelman, and we were often greeted with the soft word "Addio," accompanied by a pleasant smile, or as they sat at their noon meal under the trees of the fenceless fields, the peasants would greet us with the words for "Good-day," hold up a flask of wine, drink to our health, and call out as we left them "Buon viaggio." The people of Tuscany indeed into which region we were now entering, are the most intelligent and hospitable of the Italians.

Passing "fair and soft Sienna" with a mere glance at its glorious old cathedral, we spent another night at the town where Boccaccio was born, and all next day we fancied that each villa we saw was the place where frisky ladies and gentlemen told to each other the lively stories of the Decameron. Soon the road was bordered with long rows of slim poplars, and at close intervals appeared shrines with burning lamps and a cross above. We soon wheeled into the valley of the Arno, a perfect garden of olive orchards and terraced hillsides, and from the summit of a rise looked down on Florence, clustered along the banks of the winding stream and shut in by the lofty swelling hills, towers, palaces, domes, rising in a mixed array, shining in the sun like burnished gold. No wonder that Story, the poet and sculptor abandoned America for a hill top near Florence; no wonder that Milton, that George Elliott lingered amid its vales, and that Walter Savage Landor and Mrs. Browning loved it until they died and were buried at its gates!

Protective Tariff.

The prospect now is good for Mr. McKinley's nomination by the Republicans for president on the first ballot at their national convention. The chief reason for Mr. McKinley's being in the lead is the fact that the high protective tariff measure enacted by congress in 1890 is attributable to his labors. After that measure had been in force two years it proved to be very distasteful to the people. It was made the chief issue between the two great political parties in the campaign of 1892. The high protective tariff adherents were overwhelmingly defeated.

Mr. Cleveland after taking his seat, abandoned the issue upon which he was elected and called congress together to consider the financial question, the discussion of which made a breach in the Democratic party that had not been healed at the time the tariff question came up for consideration. The result was a tariff law that was not very satisfactory to anybody. Many of its main features were adopted as compromise measures. The income tax features of it, had it not been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court, would have furnished ample revenue for governmental needs. Without that there has been a deficiency.

Hence protectionists take advantage

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of the revenue deficiency, and plead the necessity of the re-enactment of the McKinley law, as a means to furnish a full and overflowing treasury. They may possibly succeed, but a retrial of their plan will never prove a panacea for our financial evils, and another overthrow of their systems will come sooner or later. That all the good results prophesied of as coming through a modification of the tariff have not been realized we readily admit; but the reason is because of other forces that have been at work, the tendency of which has been to curtail receipts.

Then, again, we do not believe that a high tariff or a low tariff makes any great amount of difference to the masses of the people as long as multi-millionaire trusts and other combinations are permitted to exist in this country. They can put prices up or down, in spite of the natural law of supply and demand, that ought to, and would regulate prices, were it not for their existence. One man in this country has so manipulated the trade in coal oil, that in the short space of one month he has brought to his coffers millions of dollars clear gain.

This he has done at various times till he has accumulated wealth estimated at \$150,000,000. The members of these gigantic trusts and corporations are the blood suckers of this country. They are the gentlemen that have cried "stop thief" when it comes to a reduction of the tariff or the doing of anything else that in any way checks the onward march to the goal of their ambition. These are a branch of the money power, that has assisted in wrecking the financial hopes of thousands of well meaning, law-abiding and deserving citizens. The people are at last beginning to understand their objects and aims, but fears may be justly entertained that it is too late. We have waited too long. We are bound hand and foot, and the other fellows are asking, "what are you going to do about it?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A New York paper compliments Presbyterians upon the "number of beautiful women" in attendance upon the great missionary meeting held in that city recently. It says it was not the "showy dresses or costly jewelry." The facts are that Christianity speaks in the eyes and faces of women, and gives a charm and beauty that nothing else can.

Most men aim to excel in something. Our aim is to make the best working pants that good jeans, strong seams, and good buttons will make. We've done this. The BUCKSKIN BREECHES are as near the "no-wear-out" mark as pants can ever get. They fit and well too. We warrant all this money refunded for faults.

Men of Mark.

M. Stoiloff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, is only 4 feet 6 inches in height.

The Scranton Truth of Monday announces that Col. J. Armoyn Knox, "the famous founder of Texas Siftings," has joined its corps of writers. This information will relieve many who have wondered what had become of the gallant colonel.

The secretary of war has appointed Maj. Gen. A. McD. McCook, retired, and Maj. George P. Scriven, signal corps, to represent the United States at the coronation of the Czar. Maj. Scriven is military attache of the United States Legation at Rome. Gen. McCook is in Paris at present.

Ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer has been Chosen by the Wisconsin Republicans as a delegate-at-large to the St. Louis convention. He is a man nearly 80 years of age, but active and clear-headed. His enormous fortune has been made in lumber. It is said of him that he still takes pleasure in driving a sharp bargain.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States senate was one of the most popular lecturers in the "lyceum days." It is noted of Mr. Milburn that he was first elected a congressional chaplain in December 1845, fifty-one years ago. He was then 22 years of age, and the youngest man whose voice has ever been heard in congress before or since that date.

Lee's Magnanimity.

The keynote to the character of the man is found in this anecdote of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Early in the war, before he had proved his pre-eminence as a general, he was severely criticised on more than one occasion by a certain Gen. Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point, and was considered a bright and capable man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some important command, called upon Gen. Lee for advice.

"What do you think of Whiting?" asked Davis.

Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well qualified in every way for even the most responsible place. One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside.

"Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?" he inquired.

Lee's answer was of the best. "I understand," he said, "that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."—Argosy.

A FATHER, wishing to bring up his child in a way it should go, told him when he was in danger and needed help, to call upon the Lord. Later in the day Willie was punished for some misdemeanor, and when on the threshold of the dark closet, holding his father by one hand, he dropped to his knees and prayed: "Oh, Lord, if you want to help a little boy, now's your chance."—Ex.

THE reform school at Boonville now has in it 260 boys. Each boy is required to work four hours each day and attend school for four hours.

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your doctor. The doctors approve of **Scott's Emulsion**. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. **Scott's Emulsion** is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

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